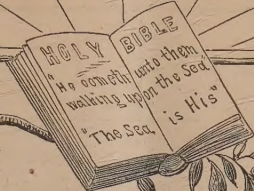
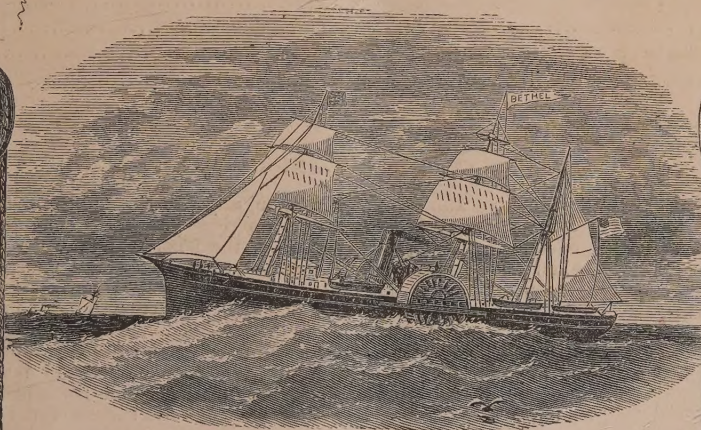


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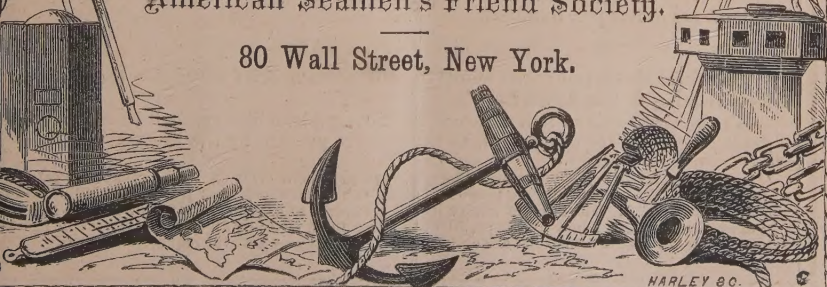
THE
SAILORS' MAGAZINE
— and —
SEAMEN'S FRIEND



JUNE, 1870.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

80 Wall Street, New York.



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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labor of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, the progress and the wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to mariners memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, upon an annual request for the same. POSTAGE in advance—quarterly, at the office of delivery—within the United States, twelve cents a year.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and for gratuitous distribution among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, but always in a REGISTERED letter. The registration fee has been reduced to fifteen cents, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.



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No. 6.

FORTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

THE FORTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY was held in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, on Monday evening, May 9, 1870, at half past 7 o'clock.

The Chair was occupied by WM. A. BOOTH, Esq., President of the Society, and the opening devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. E. P. ROGERS, D. D., of the Reformed Church on Fifth Avenue.

The following abstract of the Annual Report was read by Secretary LOOMIS :

FOREIGN OPERATIONS.—The Society has, in foreign countries, supported wholly or in part from its treasury, twenty-four Chaplains and Missionaries, stationed at St. Johns, N. B., on the coast of Labrador, and at ports in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, France, Buenos Ayres, Chili, and Sandwich Islands.

The reports of many of these missionaries are deeply interesting. In all the stations more or less conversions have been reported. Some of the missionaries report an extensive and general religious awakening, many inquirers, and a considerable number of hopeful conversions.

DOMESTIC CHAPLAINCIES.—The Society has also seventeen Chaplains and Missionaries on the home field laboring in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn, Norfolk, Richmond, Wilmington, N. C., Charleston, S. C., Savannah, Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, San Francisco, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, and along the inland waters of the State of New York.

The Chaplain at San Francisco reports from thirty to forty hopeful conversions during the past year, making three hundred during his ministry of twelve years, while a far larger number have gone to sea under religious impressions. All of the missionaries, with scarcely an exception, have reported more or less religious interest and some conversions.

SEA MISSIONS, OR LOAN LIBRARIES.—The Society has sent to sea during the past twelve years 3,387 libraries, composed of about 150,000 volumes. So far as can be ascertained, 2,095 have been returned, re-fitted, and re-shipped. These libraries, counting their re-shipments, have been accessible to crews numbering altogether over 150,250 men, many of whom have read every book in the library of between forty and fifty volumes. Of these seven hundred and sixty-one have been shipped in the United States Navy since 1861. The shipments of the past year, including three hundred and fifty-nine new libraries, and four hundred and twenty-five returned and re-fitted, are seven hundred and eighty-four. To this large number of books, the system has added a living agency of 5,051 officers and seamen (in some instances captains' wives), who have had charge of these libraries, a few of whom have reported since the system commenced SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY HOPEFUL CONVERSIONS AT SEA, INCLUDING FORTY-FIVE THE LAST YEAR. Not one-half, probably, have ever been reported. Under this agency intemperance and profanity on shipboard are giving place to prayer-meetings and religious inquiry. In some instances almost entire crews have come to Christ.

SAILOR'S HOME, 190 CHERRY ST.—The Home has been in operation twenty-eight years. The whole number of boarders has been seventy-five thousand seven hundred and sixteen. It is now in a most prosperous condition. The number of boarders during the last year has been one thousand six hundred and seventy-five, an increase of seven hundred and twelve over the previous year. These have deposited with the keeper for safe keeping, \$39,345, of which \$5,990 has been placed in savings' banks, and \$15,172 sent to relatives. Of these boarders, three hundred and seventy-seven have shipped without advance wages, forty-five were sent to the hospital, and seventy-one shipwrecked and destitute have been relieved. The Saturday evening prayer-meetings for sailors have been well attended, and much religious interest manifested. A number have gone to sea with a new hope in Christ. *The Home, during the twenty-eight years of its existence, has saved to seamen and their families over one million and a half of dollars—nearly double the amount received into the Society's treasury in the same time for the support of all its operations.*

COLORS SAILOR'S HOME.—The whole number received into this Home since 1839 has been sixteen thousand three hundred and seven, including five hundred and nine during the last year. Of this last number, twenty-nine were shipwrecked and destitute, and relieved, at an expense of \$342 95. Two died in the hospital, in the hope of a blessed immortality. Among the boarders of the last year, have been *four* captains and *fourteen* mates and second mates. The brig *Curlew*, partly owned by colored men, sailed from this port in March, on her second voyage for Africa, captain and crew all colored men. TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS HAVE BEEN SAVED TO SEAMEN BY THIS HOME DURING THE LAST YEAR.

PUBLICATIONS.—During the past year the Society has issued 5,500 copies of the SAILOR'S MAGAZINE, monthly; and for gratuitous distribution among seamen, in all 40,000 copies of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND; and 250,000 copies of the LIFE BOAT, for the use of Sabbath-schools of the land.

FINANCES.—The receipts of the Society from all sources, including a donation of eleven thousand dollars to constitute a permanent fund (already invested) have been \$74, 065 17. Expenditures, \$78,549 83. A great amount of work has been done with these comparatively limited means, and most gratifying results accomplished, for which we are devoutly thankful.

The audience then joined in singing the following beautiful and appropriate hymn, taken for the occasion from Dr. MURRAY's "Sacrifice of Praise."

I.

Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

II.

O Christ! whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

III.

Most Holy Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

IV.

O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go.
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

After this came the addresses announced for the evening, which from their aptness and earnestness and eloquence, held the large audience to the close in delighted attention. We are happy to give them in full to our readers in the present number of the MAGAZINE.

The Anniversary as a whole was an unusual success, and will give a new impetus, we trust, to our noble work. A collection was taken up during the evening in aid of the funds of the Society, a company of sailors from the Sailor's Home, 190 Cherry-street, quietly passing through the congregation for the purpose. At the close of the Anniversary services, the benediction being pronounced by the venerable Dr. FERRIS, the Society came together and elected the following persons to serve as Trustees for the term of three years, or until May, 1873, viz.: RICHARD P. BUCK, JAMES DEMAREST, HARMON LOOMIS, WILLIAM A. BOOTH, ZACHARY EDDY, HORACE GRAY, JOHN D. MCKENZIE, and REUBEN W. ROPES.

The following amendment to the Constitution was, upon recommendation of the Board, unanimously adopted, viz., in Article IV., after the word convened, in sixth line, insert: "Absence without excuse, by any Trustee, from the regular meetings of the Board for six successive months, may be held equivalent to his resignation."

ADDRESS OF REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, JR.,

Of the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York.

John Wesley established a rule for his ministers, that they were not only to go to those who needed them, but to those that needed them most; and because we think that these three millions of seamen now upon the water need most the agency and care of this Society, we bring an appeal to you for their support and in their behalf, which is without restraint or restriction. Think of this vast population on the decks of our vessels—three millions of souls, for whom there is no church provision—around whom there is naturally no Christian associations, to whom the doors of home are closed for the most part of every year—many of them for several years—absolutely cut off from all means of religious or literary education, left to that which is within themselves—all evil—or to the depraved associations of the fore-castle. Now, it is for this immense mass of our fellow-men that we speak to-night. The Church of God is forgetting John Wesley's rule; provision is made for the few and not for the mass. The people are becoming aroused to the needs and demands of this great body of neglected people that we call the masses, and chief among them in the demands brought upon us now is this body of seamen. But first of all, this work of this Seamen's Friend Society is a caste work. All true progress and Christianity is opposed to caste, or the recognition of caste; and yet, instantly we approach the sailor, we are compelled to recognize and admit the fact that he belongs to a caste, about whom there are lines of demarcation so strong and clearly drawn that it is impossible to approach him except through the peculiarities of caste. The fact of this caste cannot be disputed; his freedom from many of the associations and influences of land, his absolute removal from all that belongs to man as man; his separation and exclusion within the wooden or iron walls of a vessel, make for him a second nature, which takes the place of his first nature; he ceases to be a man, in the distinguishing expression, and becomes a sailor; just as soon as you separate from him the distinguishing mark of his profession and peculiar characteristics of his life, he becomes worthless to society; it makes little difference whether it be an Admiral in the Navy or a man in the fore-castle, he belongs to this honorable caste among men, to whom we are ready to bow in grateful recognition of their services. Separated from everything that is mean and narrowing, communing with everything that is sublime and elevating, watching the glories of God; removed as they are for the most part from the evils and sins of men, even the worst of them has an openness of heart and generosity of nature which is approached seductively by Satan, and too often successfully. Who that has ever seen the glories of the sea, the majesty of its changing aspect, has not felt their influences, and conceived their effect upon the

most stolid among the crew? How beautifully Mrs. Browning describes the glorious appearance of the sun breaking through the clouds!

"I oft had seen the dawnlight run,
As red wine, through the hills, and break
Through many a mist's inurning;
But here, no earth profaned the sun!
Heaven, ocean, did alone partake
The sacrament of morning,"

Who, that has ever viewed it can forget it? And something of this educating process is upon every man of the sea, elevating his second and better nature. This is the only point of attack. All licentiousness approaches him; all drunkenness and temptation to intoxication approach him. A drunkard has to be a manly man; no mean, narrow man is ever approached by these degrading and besotting influences; there is a nobleness of nature which is responsive to it; and it is this peculiar openness of character which makes the susceptibility of the sailor to these influences. Go down into Water street, and see the dens of infamy, with open doors, the seductiveness of the places prepared for his reception; they approach him on the friendly side; they approach him on the side of his good-heartedness, as a hale fellow well met.

This work of the Society we represent is not simply a work limited to the past, but is a work following up and sanctifying this very principle of friendship. There is something noble in the very nature of the word. This Society uses this agency, first, in establishing homes and welcoming the sailors on land, to protect them from their enemies; then in the preparation of libraries, which shall accompany them in their voyages; then in the Chaplains, to meet them in different ports; then in the lay-missionaries, seamen themselves, converted, and speaking the word from the fulness of their hearts; then in the fore-castle itself, as their messmates. It takes a sailor to talk to a sailor; and just as soon as a land-lubber tries to talk sailor slang, he finds himself in a terrible pickle. I heard a man attempt it once down on the dock, and heard the sharp reproof given him, and I have never attempted anything of the sort since, whatever I did before. He was describing with great minuteness a storm at sea; he described the black clouds as they rolled along, and the red glare of the lightning, and the mountainous waves, as they rolled one upon the other, almost engulfing the vessel, and each one of the sails, and each spar and stay lost; then, when he had pictured this ruin, he asked: "In the midst of all that danger, what would you do without an anchor?" An old sailor down at the end replied: "You fool, what would you do with an anchor then?" [Laughter.] The truth was good, but the illustration bad. It takes a sailor to talk to a sailor; and in the employment of the converted sailor in this work, this Society indicates its wisdom, and shows true means of usefulness and efficiency.

I am glad to see that in this boarding-house of the Society there is no attempt made to shut the sailor down into a radical box; they are allowed liberty. I noticed that there were reading-rooms and smoking rooms, and Jack is allowed to have his pipe; he is surrounded with the comforts that belong to his condition. It shows a largeness of preparation which I did not know was in that house.

But so far as this house, and these banks, and the libraries are concerned, they are but a part of the work done by this Society; it makes use of these as auxiliaries to the spread of the truth—and a pure and undefiled Gospel it is. They have over forty men, in all parts of the world, as representatives of this organization, standing plainly for Jesus, and speaking the truth in sincerity—men of all denominations, men of all ecclesiastical biasses, all uniting, and seeing eye to eye. It is the universal Gospel of Jesus which this Society preaches—the Gospel which brings Jesus near to the man, and does not remove him to a distance. This is the great work of the Society. We come together to night to consider these different agencies of this Society, and impress upon our own hearts the motives of the Gospel.

This is all my speech; and in accordance with the traditional method—which I remember ever since I was ten years old—in the American Bible Society (for I used to attend the Anniversaries of that Society with my venerable father when I was only ten years old), I remember that the first speaker always, at the conclusion of his remarks, said: “Mr. President, I move that the Annual Report, an abstract of which has just been read, be printed.”

ADDRESS OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

I was assigned the first place to-night, because it was the easiest, as a man can always shift off upon those that come after him the burden of speaking, saying that they are the main thing; but, unbeknown to me, Brother Tyng was put in. I don't know whether it was a slight way of saying that Episcopalianism is better than Congregationalism, that he ought to take precedence of me; but, at any rate, I have got to distinguish myself. That is a part, also, of the platform customs. I am, therefore, a mere hyphen between two speakers, and connecting them together. And hyphens are never to be dashes; they are to be modest and short; and they are to find their merit, or to accept it, in connecting two valuable words together, and making them a compound word. And so the next thing for me to do, after making such a modest speech, is to go on and make a regular speech.

There are one or two great principles that underlie the whole spirit and work of the Gospel. I do not think it to be so much the nourishing of doctrine; nor is the Gospel to be confounded with the systems of work which have grown up under it; it is the emission into this world of the divine spirit. It is a disposition, it is a means of touching

a corresponding disposition in the universal human heart ; and the first great element of it is, it seems to me, the recognition, not simply of the universal sinfulness of man, his low estate and necessitous condition, but rather the other side—the susceptibility of the human heart, universally, under all circumstances, and in every condition—its susceptibility to generous culture, to development, to elevation, to purity, and to manhood. Although there will be gradations, distinctions of relative power, in the community, yet there is no man, there are no classes in the community, that are not susceptible to full manhood. There is a difference in glory, but the attributes of manhood belong to all, and all are susceptible to that expansion, and that enlightenment, and that polish which we call Christian education—a thing that has been but imperfectly recognized—a thing which has been studded all over with prejudices. It has been supposed that it was well enough to amuse the colored people with preaching, and such things, but it was doubtful if they had souls ; whereas, the true spirit of Christianity says that every one of them is susceptible to religious education, and has the capacity of being developed into a complete manhood in Christ Jesus ; and it is worth while to found schools and universities ; it is worth while to send out colporteurs, and ministers and teachers among the degraded Africans of our land. Faith has taught us that the stimulus of education develops a full manhood in them ; and the Church has learned at last that when the Master said, “Go and preach the Gospel to every creature,” He implied that there was not a single human creature on the globe who was not susceptible of development into complete manhood by the Gospel. As we go from class to class, our faith augments ; and the community are beginning to think that it is worth our while to attempt the reformation of another class. Even in the miserable dens and the larger houses of vice and crime, it has been found possible to preach the Gospel with effect, and reformation and regeneration of the heart have taken place. If the Church takes courage from past experience, it will yet accomplish the great ends of the Gospel, and the whole world shall be converted to the Lord. The next thing that underlies the truth committed to us is this, that we are bound to SEEK OUT, and not wait for those who are necessitous to come to us. If a man be hungry he will ask for bread, but a man’s soul may go hungry and he not know what ails him. This is a peculiarity of men ; it is a peculiarity of mankind that they do not desire the food and stimulants of the higher faculties ; they do of the lower. How many are there who feel the need of refinement, who live among coarse companions ? What barbarian lies awake at night, to think that he is a barbarian, and is sorry for it ? What man is there who, because the poetic instinct is undeveloped, mourns over it ? The animal that is in us takes care of itself. No Christian community can justify itself for having a neglected class in its midst, no matter what the conditions are. It is not enough that you have one church to a thousand men ; the business of the Church and the Christian community is to reach

the whole community, and to see that every man has the Gospel brought to him—not simply brought to him once or twice, but that it be brought to him in the ways which Christ brought it to men, when He looked in their eyes, when he took their children up in His arms and laid his hands upon them and blessed them, when He stood at the funerals of their brothers or friends, and wept with them. We are to bring the saving truths of the Gospel home to men, not by mere proclamation. To every class of the community we owe this; and our duty is not fulfilled unless we have fulfilled this part of it. In such a commercial mart as this, there is a surplus of work, compared with the number of willing workers, because of the transient nature of the population. We are like the Great Sahara in one respect; the sands are ever shifting; and if you pour a ton of sand upon the field to-day, the winds would shift it to-morrow. We are a great point of transition; we always have fresh men to work upon; but there is this constant class of sailors among us; they are the men who furnish the breathing pores, by which we breathe; they are really those electric wires which connect us with all the globe; they are our hands, they are our feet; they belong to the city in a sense in which the thousands of poor outcasts do not.

There is something also in the peculiar conditions in which the sailor lives. If I were to reckon from my own experience, I should say that no human creature needed the consolations of the Gospel so much as the man who went to sea all the time. I went only a fortnight, and I thought I needed all the grace in this world; and that experience has always given me a warm feeling for the sailor; I felt for him then from the bottom of my heart. But there are peculiar conditions in his case. It is *possible* to make thorough Christian men out of sailors, but it is not *easy* to do it. You have got to have a different apparatus and a different mode of applying it. I don't think that man without woman is more than half made, but from the peculiar circumstances of the sailor he has to be separated from the household. What instruction he loses every night upon his pillow! How much advice he has to go without that we have! How much he misses that trimming—that critical pruning and trimming, under which we improve. It has been a part of our civilization. All these genial, governing influences that families have, all those softening influences—the sailor is quite debarred from them. Man is but little more than an animal without woman. In many instances you perceive that men who go to Albany or Washington, as legislators, are a great deal more corrupt than they would be at home while doing those duties. There are many men who are very starchy at home, who are very limpsy when they go away. We owe a great deal to what we read; we owe a great deal to our minister, and to the ministrations of the Sabbath, but we owe an unsuspected debt to the sweet influences of a household; and you cannot imagine what you would be, or how much harder your minister would have to work if you did not live in a family state.

We come to a class which, in the nature of things, are outside of all family influences; they are outside of those genial influences which are prepared for the education of man. The farmer or the mechanic can mingle with his neighbors every day in kind interchange of sentiments; but the sailor, for the time being, is in a liquid prison. For months together he has simply his dozen companions, and does not feel the pulse of the community; no morning papers for him; no elections or holidays for him; he is a kind of monk of the sea, shut out from the civilizing influences of society. We have got to have the means of meeting this emergency. We ought to send a missionary to the ship-yards and ship builders. Our ships have got to be built better. A ship must be built so that a man can stand up and feel that he is a man. I believe a man can be a man under adverse physical circumstances, but when he gets into adverse physical circumstances he is dragged down by them. Is there anybody here that ever went house-hunting? If you have, have you ever felt, the moment you stepped into a house, that it was a cold, bloodless, frigid house, and turned around and said in an authoritative way, "I won't live in this house." On the other hand, haven't you been in houses about which there was something attractive the moment you stepped into them? To be sure they were not arranged so well as they might be. I think it is the mesmerism that comes from the builders. We know one painter from another from a superior style. If you build a school-room and make it as good as you can, the boys will not cut, scratch, nor write; you touch a sentiment of honor in them. If you set anything before sailors not fit for a dog they will submit like a dog. If they are men they should have all the comforts and conveniences of men. What if a ship carry a few tons less; the best freight any ship ever carried in the world was its men. [Applause.] Your hides, your lead, your copper, salt, or coffee—you will have room enough for them, but crowd your men who work your ship, who are Christ's men, and put them into a hole that a dog would be ashamed to lie down in, and then stick a Bible in their hands, and say "Be contented." Is that the way to treat them? If you want men to rise to civilization treat them with civilization yourself; and the first thing, it seems to me, that a Society like this should do is to see that sailors shall be sent to sea with better accommodations. There ought to be laws by which there shall be better treatment of sailors at sea by their officers; the brutalities perpetrated are enough to make one's blood run cold. It is very difficult to get justice done on shore. The captain and mate have friends, and they can slip off; a sailor cannot wait; and the machinery of law is difficult. Christianity ought to take care of sailors, and see, if they are brutally treated, that they are promptly righted as soon as they come on shore. There is another thing, and that is to inspire them with frugality. Economy is not religion by a great deal; economy and frugality are neither of them positive virtues, but they are educat-

ing forces that lead men to virtues, and through them to religion. A man who does not care for to-morrow is but a step above the savage. One of the ways by which the world has been civilized and benefited has been to learn men to look forward. To teach any class of men to take care of their money is to teach them self-denial, to teach them wise administration; and, therefore, it is not a mere humanity, it is a part of the teaching of the Gospel to teach sailors how best to lay up their wages.

I am making little too long a speech. I am more interested in the subject than I thought was in me. I understand that there is to be a collection taken up, and I must shape my remarks for that. It ought not to be necessary to make an appeal to a New York audience; it ought not to be necessary to ask twice. If New York lets the sailors' cause suffer, if there is a Home required and the citizens do not instantly furnish the means it is a shame to the commercial character of New York, and it is a shame to the Christianity of New York; whatever else you forget you have no business to forget your hands and your feet—which these sailors are. These are the children of the sea; they are the almoners of God's bounty to you; they work for you in a way that ought to excite your pity; when once they come bringing their precious freight to your shores God commits them by the most precious trust to you, and you are bound to see to it that they have everything they need. If there is to be a contribution taken up I doubt not you will show that you are alive to this trust.

ADDRESS OF REV. T. DE WITT TALLMADGE,

Of the Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn.

My Christian friends, I will detain you but a very few moments. I think the question we are discussing to-night is, "What temporal and spiritual health we can give to the one hundred thousand sea captains and the more than two millions of mariners"—a question that strikes across every wave of the sea, into every foreign port, and a question which, once practically decided, will give back this whole world to the God who made it, the Christ who redeemed it, and the Holy Ghost who will sanctify it. My friends, we will never get the world right until we get the sailors right. Doctor Scudder, in Madras, India, may preach the Gospel of Christ, but how if there are twenty-five sailors down on the wharf of that city preaching sin? Doctor Abeel, in China, may talk of the Lord Jesus, but how if there are twenty-five American sailors upon the wharf blaspheming that name? How long, at that rate, before you get the world converted? Who were the men that the Lord called around Him as staff-officers when he started out to conquer this world? Who were the Apostles? I think the majority of them were seafaring men. Who was Andrew? A sailor. Who was Judas Iscariot? Not a sailor. I don't think he had any business; from all I can tell I think

he must have had his name down in the directory as a "gentleman." The Lord Jesus Christ gathered around and about Him these hardy men because there was rough work to do then just as there is now; and the man who cannot stand a northeaster, and gets a headache when struck upon the head by a ship's boom, had better go home and wear satin slippers and eat calves-feet jelly out of a gold spoon. The Lord Jesus Christ called these men to the work for that special quality, and I believe the grandest reformers and missionaries which you will ever see will be the converted sailors. Conversion in a sailor is very different from conversion in another man. There are a great many men who only nibble at sin, and when they become Christians they just nibble at religion; they are about half converted—converted in their fingers' ends or below their knees. A sailor never does anything partially; if he serves the devil he serves him with a perfect looseness, and if he comes to God conversion reaches from the scalp of the head down to the soles of his feet, taking in everything, memorandum-book, jack-knife, and pocket-handkerchief. He is all converted, and stays converted forever.

Who are these boys of the sea? Why some of them are the finest fellows that ever went out from American homes. They got up one night while father and mother were asleep, and gathered together a bundle of clothes, and went into the room where their father and mother were sleeping and took a last look, then they went to the barn and took out old sorrel and mounted her and went away. And it often occurs that the son that went off is better than the one that stays at home. The Prodigal Son came back, and the one that stayed at home pouted over the return of the Prodigal, and thought that veal was too good for him. [Laughter.] They had a grand time in the house; there was music there; but the one that stayed at home did not care about the music.

I have heard persons point to Captain Eyre, of the "Bombay," and say, "that is a specimen of the nobility of our sailors." I answer by pointing to Captain Williams of the "Oneida." There are men who will do anything to relieve their shipmates.

The "Wabash" and the "North Carolina" became floating prayer meetings a few years ago. I read the other day of a ship about sinking, and the captain said to the boys, "We are lost; can any one pray?" "Yes," said the sailors. "Well, then," said he, "kneel down and pray for me and your shipmates." And they all knelt down and prayed. A ship hove in sight and they were saved; and out of that thirty-two that came ashore, how many were Christians? Thirty-two. Sailors never do anything by halves. They'll go to foreign parts, and take their tracts and bibles, and, in blouse and glazed cap, they'll cry aloud and spare not until every ship, bark, full rigged brig, fore-and aft schooner, sets out sailing for heaven. It will be thorough work when it is done. I believe if the doctrine of universal brotherhood is ever acknowledged it will be due to the sailor boys.

That Chinese Embassy, led on by an illustrious American, did a great thing. When that funeral car came down from St. Petersburg, bringing the dead ambassador. I think it made all the despotisms of Europe to quake; and although the world seemed to despise that man while living, I believe that in future times, when the full scope of his mission is thoroughly understood, there will be but very few brighter names upon the page of Massachusetts and United States History than the name of Anson Burlingame. And yet I am expecting more in this direction from the sailor boys, when they shall be converted. They will become ambassadors, going from port to port, and, in the name of Christianity, they will proclaim that grand and democratic idea that Paul proclaimed before the most aristocratic audience of his day, that God made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth; and, whatever be a man's color, whatever his ancestry and nationality,

"A man's a man
For a' o' that."

What are we doing for the sailors? Nothing. I mean comparatively nothing. I will be frank, and say what you all know, that the churches in this country look upon the Seamen's cause as a secondary consideration. The churches make out the quarterly rolls for collection the coming year; the first quarter, it is the Home Missionary Society; the second quarter, the Foreign Missionary Society; the third quarter, the Tract Society; the fourth quarterly collection, the Bible Society; and then, if through confusion in the almanac, or confusion in the arithmetic, they can find a fifth quarter, they give that to the Seamen's Friend Society. It is a sort of religious fifteenth amendment. This is not right. We have got to give Jack his dues. A gentleman of the Navy called upon me lately, and stated this fact to me. He said that the sailor boys during the war, the sailor boys at Mobile and the Red River, and different places of conflict, and the three year men under Faragut, at New Orleans, are yet to receive in prize money the first cent. Congress favored an appropriation, but not long ago a judge got hold of the matter and upset the whole affair by reason of some technicality. Soldiers get justice done them because they have Major-Generals in Congress; and then the soldier's vote is so important that the politicians look after him; but poor jack wanders all over, his vote is not worth much, and politicians don't care much for him. It is not charity, it is simply asking common justice when I say that those three thousand men with Faragut ought to have that prize money.

I wish in our prayers and sympathies we could do more for the sailor. A few years ago on the coast of Scotland, the wife of a ship captain arose in the night and went to the minister, and knocked at his door, and said, "Rise man of God, and pray; my husband is on the sea." And they knelt down and commended the captain and crew to Christ. Meanwhile, the ship was being driven in a hurricane, and plunging,

and they thought at each plunge they would never come up; it plunged again, and the captain and crew thought they were lost. After awhile the vessel began to shake itself in the water, and bound over the waves. "Ah," said the Captain, "there is surely some gude soul on the land to-night praying for us, or we never would have come up out of that." Oh, I wish our sailor boys, in the darkness and peril, could feel to-night that there are a thousand good souls upon the land, beseeching high Heaven in their behalf. I wish that hundreds and thousands of these sailor boys who went off, breaking their parents' hearts, might come back, that father and mother might see them again before they die. I would that those whose eyes have become dim with weeping for those who have wandered away might look upon the wanderer's return. That was a very cruel hoax we had the other day, saying that the *City of Boston* was safe. How much relief it would give to many hearts who wonder to know upon what ice-berg she struck, or where she was burned, or in what awful peril she went down. Give her back, oh! heart of the sea, though it be with shattered spars and passengers wan and wasted with hunger and woe. Give her back! If to-morrow morning we might see her coming up the harbor, how our hearts would throb, and the bells ring! But, oh! Jesus, the better day when the mariners of the sea shall come up into the harbor of God's mercy; I believe they will be brought in with the fulness of the Gentiles! and then what a long, triumphant shout of welcome there will be!

"Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring their sons from far, their silver and their gold with them unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel, because he hath glorified thee." AND THE SHIPS OF TARSHISH FIRST.

BLOSSOM ROCK.

The *Alta California* of April 23d gives the following account of the explosion which annihilated Blossom Rock in the harbor of San Francisco:

Never, perhaps, on any occasion whatever did the bay present so lively, gay, and sportive an appearance; never did its waters at any one time afford pleasure to so many living souls. From early in the forenoon it was completely dotted over with small craft, but about noon the scene was changed, and steamers heavily freighted with pleasure-seekers, anxious to get a view of the great explosion, were observable. During the afternoon, and immediately before the final preparations, many of the

yachts and steamers shot briskly around Blossom Rock to satisfy the curiosity of those on board and take a last view. Some, urged by false courage, swept around at rather an uncomfortable distance, and very late. Around the wharfs of the city, as far as they eye could carry, a crowd of human beings presented an almost unbroken front. Telegraph Hill, as seen from the barge, was literally black from base to summit with human beings, and the hill and the crowd taken together looked like a swarm of flies on a sugar-loaf. Away to Black Point every elevated or other piece of ground commanding a view of the rock was occupied by dense crowds—sand hills and

green fields had the same black appearance.

All the material of value that could be conveniently taken away—such as anchors, chains, tools, engine, a large quantity of lumber, and the shanty, had been placed on a scow anchored to the rock. The water had been let into the chamber during the morning, the wire and battery were ready, and the gun from Fort Alcatraz had boomed forth the first signal. The second gun was heard, and yet the scow had not left Blossom Rock; but everything was ready, and in a few minutes a steam-tug was hauling the scow through the water. Col. Von Schmidt and Mr. Lundberg, accompanied by a half-dozen men remained on the rock, but followed in a few minutes, paying out the wire as they proceeded in the direction of the barge. This was the work of only a few minutes. When the scow was reached the wire was raised to the top of a platform about thirty feet in height, to which it was intended to be attached, and by this elevation raise it out of the water. But while the men were engaged in hauling in the slack the post-on the rock toppled over and fell. The third gun had now been fired, and many thought, taking the delay and the fall of the staff into consideration, that the experiment had been tried and found a failure. Some were hugely disgusted, and were long and loud in their denunciation of the whole thing as a sublime humbug. Many left the different points they had taken up to have a view, and returned to the city declaring that the great explosion was a great fiasco. Not so, however. No sooner had the fall of the staff been noticed than Col. Von Schmidt, who seems equal to any emergency, left the scow on a whale boat accompanied by Mr. Lundberg. They took with them a reel of insulated wire, which had been on board, in anticipation of an accident. To make the connection was only the work of a few minutes, and again Col. Von Schmidt was being rowed away for the last time from Blossom

Rock. He proceeded in a southeasterly direction until he had got about six hundred feet from the rock, paying out the wire as he went. It was thought he would return to the scow, but the current ran high, and he considered it prudent to avoid it as much as possible. Now the boatmen rest their oars in the water, and immediatly every eye is turned on that little craft. Many doubted that the electric spark would be sent forth at that short distance from the rock, yet to reach the scow was impossible, and the wire might not be able to stand so long a stretch. Scarcely had these ideas flitted through the mind of the curious until the white flag is raised by Mr. Lundberg. He holds it up for a second, and then waves it gracefully over the water: again it is lifted and held steady.

It was now five minutes past two o'clock, and all eyes were riveted upon the frame-work above the rock, the only thing visible in the water, when suddenly the electric spark is sped forth, a low rumbling noise, a sudden gush, a loud, heavy thud-like report, are heard, followed by a loud, clear, and sharp explosion, as though the connection was not instantaneous. Now the sight was terrifically grand. A large circular volume of water, about 400 feet in diameter, shot into the air to the height of about 100 feet, while in the centre, and amalgamated with the water, could be seen black volumes of smoke and a sheet of stones, the latter ascending far above the water, and presenting, on the whole, the appearance of a vast volcanic eruption. Immediately after the explosion every steamer and tug-boat blew their whistles and dipped their colors. Bells were rung and guns fired, and a general feeling of delight and admiration seized every spectator. The scene was one of the most brilliant and imposing ever witnessed in the city, and one that will be as long remembered. In the centre of the vast column a cone of water of smaller radius was shot up high into the air, higher than the surrounding water, and lending to

the scene, already magnificently sublime, a feature no less admirable than attractive. The frame-work, too, was torn into shreds and thrown up with terrible force. The heavy volume of water returned immediately to its kindred element, leaving the air darkened with smoke, and after the lapse of some seconds the stones and timbers came showering down with terrible fury. The water around the rock for the distance of nearly 1,000 feet changed its native greenish hue for a yellow, muddy, dirty color. Timbers floated in all directions, and the surface of the water seemed filled with the debris of the wreck. The work, well conceived, well planned, and well carried out, was brought to a successful termination. Blossom Rock, but a few moments previously the object of intense anxiety, was now completely annihilated, and is a thing of the past.

Col. Von Schmidt, as a Civil Engineer, has displayed remarkable inventive genius, energy, and originality of conception. He began the work completed by this explosion between four and five months ago. The means adopted for its removal are said to be entirely novel in submarine blasting, and the engineer undertook the experiment at much risk. His idea for the utter annihilation of the rock, when put before the public, left little doubt that it might prove successful, though many doubted that the work could be done. Blossom Rock was six feet below the surface of the water at low tide, and situated where the water rolled over it in powerful swells and with great force.

The first work done under Col. Von Schmidt's plan was to make a careful survey of the rock, ascertain where it dipped in and where it projected, so that in the work of excavation afterwards accomplished, sufficient space might remain to resist the pressure of the water. This was carefully done, and from it plans were drawn of the rock. The next work was to construct a water-tight coffer-dam on the rock, and around

that part of it through which the shaft was to be sunk. This was found to be very difficult. The coffer dam was put in its place, and then a scow was built around it, into which about 250 tons of stone were thrown. The dam was lined around with bags of sand to more effectually keep out the water, and when this was complete an iron turret was placed inside of it. This turret was imbedded or sunk in the rock a distance of three feet and closely cemented in its place. A platform was then erected on the rock, 56 feet in length, and about 20 in width. On one end of this an engine and a complete hoisting apparatus was placed, and at the other end a shanty was erected containing six sleeping apartments and a kitchen, which were also used as an eating room by the workmen. The sinking of the main shaft was then begun. When the shaft had reached a certain depth a small cylinder was placed inside the original turret, which made the hoisting of the ballast from below more convenient.

The object was to scoop out the center of the rock, producing a cavity inside, measuring in the clear, from the highest point to the bottom, twenty-five feet, and leaving a crust or stratum of about six feet thick to resist the pressure of the water while the work was in progress; this crust or stratum to be blown up by powder when the remainder of the work inside had been completed. To do this, however, was not only difficult, but perilous. As the excavation became larger, the crust of rock left standing would naturally become weaker, and likely to cave in. To prevent this, pillars of rock were left standing at short intervals from each other, until the limit of six feet was everywhere reached. Then it became necessary to remove those pillars. Before this was done uprights of heavy timbers were set thickly around the cavity to supply their places. All the pillars were then removed except the two main ones, which stood at each side of the shaft.

These were left to the last moment possible. The space excavated measured in the clear 140 by 50 feet, and it is estimated that about 40,000 cubic feet of stone were taken out. The shape of the surface of the rock was nearly oval, but for a distance of about 120 feet it sloped very little. The height of the highest pillar inside was twenty-nine feet, and the lowest four feet. The stone was a porous sand-stone. When struck with a hammer it fell to pieces readily, and revealed a series of seams running through it. There was no mixture of slate or granite, or any of the harder kind of stone in it, from which it seemed evident that it would blast well.

The plan of explosion was as follows: Of the twenty-three tons of powder used, about half was contained in English ale casks, double coated with a heavy pitch varnish inside and outside, so as to be water-proof. The other half of the powder was in seven boiler tanks of wrought iron, firmly bolted, the largest measuring eight feet in length and two in diameter. The barrels were placed close to the side of the excavation, near the junction of the arch or roof with the floor, so as to blow away the arch from the lowest point of excavation reached.

They were placed resting on their sides. The seven boilers were laid through the center of the chamber, the largest in the middle, where the roof was highest. This disposition was made to equalize the force on each part of the rock. A perforated piece of gas-pipe, two and a half feet in length, charged with fine gunpowder, ran into each barrel from the end, and a piece of six feet long into the boilers, charged in the same way. These different tubes were connected with insulated electric wires, which passed from one barrel to another, the end in each tube consisting of a fulminating cartridge.

The insulated electric wires connecting the barrels were incased in gutta-percha. When the powder was arranged in the excavation, and the connections made secure, this wire was drawn up through a tube in the shaft, and placed on board a bark situated about 1,000 ft. from the rock. Here it was connected with an electric battery. The coffer-dam was then removed, and the water permitted to fill up the excavation, and so act as a tamping.

No full survey or soundings have yet been made, but it is believed that the explosion has been entirely successful.

TORPEDOES AND HARBOR DEFENCES.

The electric torpedo has recently been brought to great perfection by Maury and Ebner. By taking the bearings of each when laid from three land stations simultaneously, their exact position is ascertained, and a friendly squadron can retreat over them, while the pursuers, in attempting to follow, would be instantly blown up by the operators from the shore. The mechanism is so contrived that it can only be set in motion by the impact of a ship, and even then no explosion follows until the electric circuit is completed from all three stations. Mistakes are, therefore, almost impossible; and the cables which connect the torpe-

does with the shore may even be used for the purpose of telegraphing from one station to another. The electric light enables operations to be carried on by night as well as by day; a dense fog is the only obstacle which it has been found impossible to overcome. The expense, however, for cables, &c., is considerable, especially as torpedoes can only act within certain limits, and must, therefore, be laid very close together.

The reports of the commission presided over by Colonel Jervois, as well as those which have been appointed for the same purpose in Germany, have naturally been withheld

from the public. It is, however, generally understood that new agents—such as the compressed gun-cotton of Professor Abel, will produce much greater effect than any charge hitherto used. Still no torpedo is believed to be capable of inflicting serious injury at any great distance. Even four feet of water has been known to neutralize a charge of one thousand pounds of gunpowder; and powerful as gun-cotton, nitro-glycerine, or dualine may be, it will still be necessary to sow torpedoes not more than a hundred feet apart.

Many other questions present themselves for consideration. We have seen that it is impossible, when the rise and fall of the tide are very great, to moor Raine's torpedoes so as to escape observation. On the other hand, barricades to support fixed torpedoes will often prove unable to resist the sweep of a strong tidal current. Hence, when the passage to be defended is very deep and broad more permanent obstacles are desirable—floating forts, on which the heaviest ordnance can be mounted, artificial islands, and the like. The space between these may be set with self-acting torpedoes, and the passage which it is advisable to leave open for the use of the defenders with electric ones after the designs of Ebner. Submarine barriers are at all times difficult to construct. Chains can be burst asunder by petards. The best constructed barricades of wood and iron are apt to give way from their own weight. Perhaps the most ingenious as well as the cheapest obstacle was one employed by the Confederates at Charleston. Thick cables, to which thin cords were attached, were moored loosely but firmly below the surface. On the approach of a hostile flotilla the thin ropes worked themselves round the screws and drew the cables after them, thus effectually bringing the steamer to a stand-still. After the terrible failure of Admiral Dupont the Federals did not again venture to come too close, but a friendly steamer which accidentally became entangled in the ropes could not get free for more than two hours.

Hitherto torpedoes have been regarded solely with a view to defensive operations. It remains to be seen how far they are available for the attack. In the American war they were often floated down stream against blockading squadrons, but the nets with which the Federals protected the bows of their ships invariably intercepted them. The destruction of the (Federal) Housatonic and the (Confederate) Albemarle from torpedo-boats must be ascribed to the daring of the assailants far more than to the excellence of the machine. Experiments, however, are going on in various countries, and it is possible that before long an efficient torpedo-boat will be designed. The great difficulty hitherto has been to construct one which can be steered under water. The true direction is generally lost at once, and often the boat re-appears to the amazement of its crew at the very spot where it was submerged. The Austrians are understood to be trying experiments with magnetic boats which will be attracted by the iron of the hostile ships, and a North German inventor is reported to be on the eve of some wonderful discovery. Quite recently, too, attempts have been made to ascertain the practicability of regulating the course of torpedoes launched from a vessel pretty much as boys regulate the flight of a kite. As yet, however, this branch of the science of submarine warfare has received less attention than it deserves.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Intrinsic Brilliancy of the Sun.

With more powerful batteries a light is obtained which approaches still nearer to the luminous intensity of the sun. Thus, M.M. Fizeau and Foucault, on comparing the brilliancy of an electric light produced by three series of Bunsen's elements, each series being composed of 46 couples, with the light furnished by the sun on a clear day in the month of April, found that the illuminating power of the solar rays was not equal to much more than two and a half that of the electric light.

In all these determinations we are dealing only with the illuminating power of the sun. Arago has estimated the intrinsic intensity of its light in the following manner. He began by comparing with it the light of the atmosphere in the neighborhood of the sun, and he found that all around the disc, at an angular distance from it about equal to its diameter, the atmospheric light was 511 times less intense than the light of the sun itself. Such being the case, when the flame of a candle is projected, not only on to the disc of the sun, but also on that portion of the heavens which surrounds it within the limits mentioned, the flame disappears entirely to the eye of the observer, nothing is seen but the carbonized wick, the outline of which detaches itself in black upon the light background. Now, Bouguer has shown that a light which causes another light to disappear in this way must be at least 64 times more intense than the latter. The wide-spread atmosphere which surrounds the sun possesses, therefore, an intrinsic intensity of light equal to at least 64 times that of the candle-flame; so that intensity of the solar light itself is 511 multiplied by 64, or 32,704 times stronger than the light of a candle. We speak now of its intrinsic brilliancy and not of its illuminating power.

Solar Radiation on Mountains.

It results from some experiments made at different altitudes by the late Professor Forbes, by the German meteorologist Kaemtz, and afterwards again by M. Martins, of Montpelier, that the intensity of solar radiation is much greater on the mountains than in the valleys. The reason is, in the first place, because the layer of atmosphere which the rays pass through is less extensive; and next, because the air above the mountains is much dryer, much less charged with vapor, than the air of the plains. Nevertheless, we feel it colder the higher we ascend, so that

there is an apparent contradiction here, which is not difficult to explain. The objects which receive directly the influence of the solar rays get heated, whilst the air absorbing only a small quantity of heat remains cold. "Never," said Professor Tyndall, "did I suffer so much from solar heat as when descending from the *corridor* to the *grand plateau* of Mont Blanc, on the 13th August, 1857; whilst I sunk up to the waist in the snow, the sun darted its rays upon me with intolerable fierceness. On entering into the shade of the *Dome du Goute* these impressions instantly changed, for the air was as cold as ice. It was not really much colder than the air traversed by the solar rays; and I suffered, not from contact with warm air, but from the stroke of the sun's rays which reached me after passing through a medium as cold as ice."

"Wooden Walls."

Almost every nation attributes a portion of its glory to its sea battles. "Wooden walls" have been the protection of commerce, and they have been the means of destroying a nation by the destruction of its commerce. Holland and Genoa were great with them—without them they are simply what they are. Whilst the figure of "wooden walls" may find application for a long time in story, the day of its practicability has passed. They are no longer the pride of nations, nor their protection. America broke the charm that hung around the three-decked fifty-four. Her iron walls supplanted wooden ones. England follows in her wake. Her admiralty is disposing of her line-of-battle ships by gift. We say by gift, for at the prices they realize the purchasers can make handsomely by redispersing of them at cord-wood rates. The *Cressy* has been sold for £1,000, the *Majestic* for £2,410, the *Union* for £5,000, the *Colossus*, a screw two-decker, for £880, the *Brunswick* for £1,995, and so on. Five ships that cost £500,000 brought £31,500. Seven ships of the line

and six frigates that cost £1,300,000 realized not more than £50,000 each when sold. If "Britannia rules the wave," she must do it henceforth with iron. "Wooden walls" are no longer among the things that are. They have become classical things of the past—pretty similies of ancient marine history. They were a source of hope to the Athenians, but are nothing to modern men.

A True Story, by a Jack Tar.

Many years ago when New Zealand was a land of uninterrupted heathenism, the ship on which I was a common sailor dropped anchor at a cautious distance from the shore, in one of the harbors of that island. We had been months upon the ocean, without seeing any land; and when the sublime mountains and luxurious valleys of that magnificent isle rose from the wide waste of waters before us, it was difficult to realize that we were not approaching some lovely region of fairy enchantment.

We soon, however, found that we were still in this world of sin and woe; for it so happened that there was a terrible fight between two war parties of the natives raging at the very hour in which we entered the lovely bay. From the deck of our ship we witnessed with awe the whole revolting scene, the fierce assault, the bloody carnage, the infuriated shrieks, the demoniac attitudes of those maddened savages, as they fell upon each other with a degree of fury which seemed worse than human. Often we saw the heavy club of the New Zealand savage fall upon the head of his antagonist; and, as he fell lifeless to the ground, his head was beaten by reiterated blows, till exhaustion satiated fury. This awful scene of savage life, as beheld from the deck of our ship, impressed even us unthinking sailors with emotions of deepest melancholy.

In consequence of the war, or some other cause, no canoe from the shore approached our ship. As we were entirely destitute of wood, the cap-

tain sent a boat's crew, with many cautions as to safety, to the opposite side of the harbor to collect some fuel. I was sent with this party. We landed upon a beautiful beach upon which a heavy surf was rolling. The savage scene we had just witnessed so filled us with terror, that we were every moment apprehensive that a party of cannibals would fall upon us and destroy us. After gathering wood for some time we returned to the boat, and found to our dismay that the surf rolling in upon the beach had so increased that it was impossible to launch the boat. The sun was just setting behind the angry clouds, which betokened a rising storm. The crested waves were rolling more and more heavily in from the ocean. A dark night was coming on, and savage warriors, their hands already dripping with blood, were everywhere around. We were all silent. No one was willing to speak of his fears, and yet no one could conceal them.

Before we left the ship the captain had informed us that an English missionary had erected his hut about two miles from the place where we were to land. The captain had visited him about two years before in his solitary home, and it was then very uncertain whether he would be able to continue his post of danger. We immediately resolved to endeavor to find the missionary, and to seek such protection as he could afford us for the night.

Increasing masses of clouds rolled up and spread over the sky; and as we groped our way through the deep and tangled forest, darkness like that of Egypt enveloped us. After wandering about, we hardly knew where, for some time, we heard loud shouts of savages either in conflict or in revelry. Cautiously we approached the sounds till we beheld a large party gathered around the fires, with the hideous trophies of their recent battle and exulting over their victory. We thought it wise to keep as far from them as possible, and again turned from the light of their fire into the dark forest, where we could hardly see an arm's length

before us. We at length came upon a little path, and slowly following it along, stumbling in the darkness, over rocks and trees, we came in view of the twinkling light of a lamp. I, with another one of the party, was sent forward to reconnoitre. We soon found that the light proceeded from a hut, but whether from the night fire of a savage New Zealander or from the lamp of the Christian missionary we knew not; and few can imagine the anxiety with which we cautiously moved along to ascertain how the fact might be. Our hopes were greatly revived by the sight of a glazed window; and when, through that window we saw a man in the garb of civilized life, with his wife and one child, kneeling at their evening prayers, our joy knew no bounds. Waiting a few moments till the prayer was closed, we entered the door, and though the surprise of the inmates was very great in seeing two white sailors enter their dwelling, we were most hospitably received. The missionary immediately lighted his lantern, and proceeding with us, led the rest of our party to his humble abode. We all slept upon his floor for the night. Weary, however, as I was, I found but little rest. I thought of my quiet New England home, from which I had been absent but a few months. I thought of my mother and her anxiety about her sailor boy in this his first voyage. The scene was, indeed, a novel one to me. The swelling winds of the tempestuous night, the wild scenes of man and nature all around us, the vivid image of the bloody conflict, with the remembrance of its hideous and fiend-like outcries—all united so to impress my spirits, that I found but little repose. My companions, however, perhaps more accustomed to danger, and perhaps less addicted to thought, were soon soundly asleep.

Early in the morning, a party of warriors came to the missionary's hut in search of us, having somehow ascertained that a boat's crew were on the shore. The missionary and his wife, both in countenance and manner, manifested the deepest anx-

iety for our safety. The savages were imperious and rude, and it seemed to me that nothing but the restraining power of God preserved this family uninjured in the midst of such cruel and treacherous men. While they had been somewhat subdued in spirit by the kindness, the meekness and the utter helplessness of the missionary's family, they considered us sailors as fair game for plunder and abuse. By the most earnest solicitations on the part of the missionary they were induced to spare us. The missionary accompanied us to our boat, and we had for our retinue a troop of rioting and carousing savages, brandishing their bloody war-clubs over our heads to convince us that we were in their power. A walk of two miles conducted us to the beach. It was a fearful walk, and the watchful anxiety of our friend proved that he considered our danger to be great. When we arrived at the beach, some of the natives manifested great reluctance to let us go. Some took hold of our boat to draw it further upon the land, while they seemed to be earnestly arguing with the rest on the folly of permitting our escape. At length, however, they yielded to the remonstrances of the missionary, and aided us in launching our boat through the now subsiding surf. As we rowed from the shore, I looked back on that devoted man standing upon the beach in the midst of these rude savages, and thought of his return to his solitary home, and of the days and weeks and months he must there pass in thankless labor; I thought that his lot was, in a worldly point of view, one of the hardest I had ever known; and I wondered that any man could be so hard-hearted as to speak in terms of reproach and point the finger of scorn toward the Christian missionary.

In my last voyage, about two years ago, I again entered the same harbor. It is now called the Bay of Islands, and is one of the most beautiful places in natural scenery on the surface of the globe. I could hardly credit my eyes as I looked out upon a handsome and thrifty town, with

many dwellings indicative of wealth and elegance. There were churches of tasteful architecture, and school-children with their slates and books. And there was to be seen in New Zealand families dwelling in cheerful parlors, sanctified by morning prayers and evening hymns. The untiring labors of the missionary had, through God's blessing, created a new world; and the emotions of deep compassion with which I had regarded him when we left him on the beach alone with the savages, were transformed into sentiments of admiration and almost envy in view of his achievements. All other labors seemed trivial compared with his. And I then felt, and still feel, that if any man can lie down with joy upon a dying bed, it is he who can look back upon a life successfully devoted to raising a savage people to the comforts, refinements and virtues of a Christian life.



The Last Strand of the Rope.

In the year 1846, on St. Kilda, one of the islands of western Scotland, there lived a poor widow and her son. She trained him in the fear of the Lord, and well did he repay her care. He was her stay and her support, though only sixteen years of age. They were very poor, and to help their scanty means Ronald, her son, used to collect sea-birds' eggs upon the neighboring cliffs. This feat was accompanied with considerable danger, for the birds used often to attack him.

One day, having received his mother's blessing, Ronald set off to the cliffs, having supplied himself with a strong rope by which to get down, and a knife to strike the birds should he be attacked. How magnificent was the scene! The cliff rose several hundred feet above the sea, whose wild waves lashed madly against it, dashing the glittering spray far and near. Ronald fastened one end of the rope firmly upon the top of the cliff and the other round his waist, and was then lowered until he got opposite one of those fis-

tures in which the birds build, when he gave the signal to his companions not to let him down any further. He planted his foot on a slight projection of the rock, grasped with one hand his knife, and with the other tried to take the eggs. Just then a bird flew at him and attacked him. He made a blow with his knife—but, oh, how horrible to narrate, in place of striking the bird he struck the rope, and having severed some of the strands, he hung suspended over that wild abyss of raging waves by only a few threads of hemp. He uttered a piercing exclamation, which was heard by his companions above who saw his danger, and gently tried to draw him up. Awful moment! As they drew in each coil Ronald felt thread after thread giving way. "O Lord, save me!" was his first agonizing cry, and then, "O Lord, comfort my dear mother!" He closed his eyes on the awful scene as he felt the rope gradually breaking. He nears the top; but oh! the rope is breaking. Another and another pull, then a snap, and now he sees but one strand supporting him. He nears the top; his friends reach over to grasp him; he is not yet within their reach. One more haul of the rope. It strains, it unravels under his weight. He looks below at the dark waste of boiling, fathomless water, and then above to the glorious heavens. He feels he is going. He hears the wild cry of his companions, the frantic shriek of his fond mother, as they hold her back from rushing to try to rescue her child from destruction. He knows no more; reason yields; he becomes insensible. But just as the rope is giving way a friend stretches forward at the risk of being dragged over the cliff; a strong hand grasps him, and Ronald is saved.

Dear reader, if you are unsaved, I want you, in this true and simple narrative, to see your own condition. If living for this world you are frittering away your precious moments in pursuing perishing trifles. As year after year passes away the rope of life becomes smaller and smaller. Strand after strand snaps as the

knell of each departing year tells its mournful notes. How many threads are now left, can you tell? Do you realize your awful position? It cannot be worse. How vividly Ronald realized his position in that fearful moment when the last strand was giving way thread by thread, when, overcome by the sense of his danger, and when that danger was most imminent, a strong hand was stretched out to save him which brought him safely beyond the reach of further danger, and placed him in the loving arms of his parent.

The Captain's Request.

It used to be thought that swearing, if useful no where else, was so, at least, on board ship. Captains and officers used to think that it was impossible to keep men in order on board of a ship without swearing at them, but this was a great mistake.

A pious captain was once appointed to the command of a British ship of war. When he went on board before the ship sailed he called all the crew to him on deck and said to them: "My lads, there is one law I wish to make, and which I am very anxious to have kept. It is a favor which I will ask of you, and which, as a British officer, I expect will be granted by a crew of British sailors. What do you say, my lads? Are you willing to grant your new captain one favor? "Ay, ay, sir!" cried all hands, "let's know what it is."

"Well, my lads, it is this: you must allow me to swear the first oath in this ship. No one on board must swear an oath before I do; I am determined to swear the first oath on board. What say you, my lads; will you grant me this favor?"

The sailors stood and stared at one another for a moment quite at a loss what to say. As one of them afterwards said, "They were taken all aback," or as another expressed it, "They were brought up all standing." But the request was so reasonable and the captain's manner so kind and pleasant that they couldn't

think of refusing. Directly, with a general burst, the crew exclaimed, "Ay, ay, sir!" Then some one proposed, "Three cheers for the captain." In a minute off went the tarpaulines, and "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" went sounding out right merrily from the decks of that man-of-war. Swearing was abolished on board that ship. They found it was of no use. And if it is not necessary on shipboard it is not necessary anywhere.

Lay it Up.

It was a grand day when Mr. Shaw sent for George Brown. Mr. Shaw owned and run the famous Shaw Grain Mills, which sent out the best flour in the country. Mr. Shaw was a man of excellent character, and any boy or young man who got in with him was thought to have a good start in life—about as good as could be. When George went round to bid good-by he stepped in to see a funny old fellow, Captain Bill as they called him, who always had something to give to the boys—generally advice.

"I am off, Captain Bill," said George Brown, coming gayly in upon the old tar, "now for your parting words."

"Well, my boy," said the old gentleman very moderately, "I haven't much to say. I am glad to hear of your luck. Take this, George; take this, George. Here. Heed it. 'When you grind your corn do not give the flour to the devil and the bran to God. Do you understand? Lay it up, and mind you act on it, boy. When you grind your corn don't give the flour to the devil and the bran to God.'"

George laughed, but the old man's serious face checked him, and he went off with something which he never forgot.—*Exchange.*

"Now Squirm, Old Natur."

A stingy Christian was listening to a charity sermon. He was nearly deaf, and was accustomed to sit facing the congregation, right under the

pulpit, with his ear-trumpet directed upwards, towards the preacher. The sermon moved him considerably. At one time he said to himself: "I'll give ten dollars;" and again he said, "I'll give fifteen." At the close of this appeal, he was very much moved, and thought he would give fifty dollars. Now, the boxes were passed. As they moved along, his charity began to ooze out. He came down from fifty to twenty, to ten, to five, to zero. He concluded that he would not give anything. "Yet," said he, "this won't do—I am in a bad fix. My hopes of heaven may be in this question. This covetousness will be my ruin." The boxes were getting nearer and nearer. The crisis was upon him. What should he do? The box was now under his chin—all the congregation were looking. He had been holding his pocket-book in his hand during this soliloquy, which was half audible, though in his deafness he did not know that he was heard. In the agony of the final moment, he took his pocket-book and laid it in the box, saying to himself as he did it: "Now squirm, old natur'!"

This was a victory beyond any that Alexander ever won—a victory over himself. Here is a key to the problem of covetousness. "Old natur'" must go under. It will take great giving to put stinginess down. A few experiments of putting in the whole pocket-book may, by and by, get the heart into the charity box, and then the cure is reached. All honor to the deaf old gentleman. He did a magnificent thing for himself, and gave an example worth imitating, beside pointing a paragraph for the students of human nature.

Seaman's Retreat, Staten Island.

At the Seaman's Retreat on Staten Island, one hundred sailors and upward are brought together for medical treatment, remaining there until cured, or until death removes them. More than a thousand men are thus every year brought for a time into the institution. Dr. Rockwell, the

pastor of the Presbyterian Church, at Edgewater, has been acting as the chaplain of the hospital for the last year, holding a service with them every Sabbath, attending some of their prayer meetings during the week, and visiting those who need his services at their several wards. He found, on entering upon his labors, a precious work of grace in progress, which still continues. More than one hundred souls, it is believed, have been converted in the last two years. The prayer meetings are usually largely attended, and a deep and solemn interest is manifested. Men long hardened in sin rise to ask for the prayers of Christians, and the narrations of religious experience are often of deep and touching interest. The stories of these sailors are simple exhibitions of the power of divine grace, and many have gone forth from the hospital to resume their work, and to tell to their companions on ship-board what God has done for their souls.

(For the Sailor's Magazine.)

God is Faithful.

A CHAPLAIN'S EXPERIENCE.

Nothing is more common than for each in his time to have a day of perplexity, yet nothing is more inconsistent with christian character, and who but must feel ashamed to allow the fact. From the newness of the field, and other circumstances, my mind was exercised with some heaviness. Retiring to bed a few nights past, I earnestly prayed if God had really called me to this work, then give me help, let me be encouraged. On waking next morning, the conviction came, "You are trying to walk by sight; walk by faith." That is it. I owned it. Before leaving my room for the day's labor, I knelt again, and earnestly besought God, if indeed I was in the right place, let me this day see some tokens of

his favor. On my way to the ship-ping, some miles off, a gentleman, a stranger to myself, driving a fine horse, reined up and asked me to ride with him. Of course I accepted and handed him my card. He proved to be one of the largest merchants on the Strand, complimented Capt. J. P. Wilbur, of brig *Wm. Mallory, Jr.*, and spoke well of the captain's brother also. Here was a token of Providence. After depositing some city papers in the post-office, I called on Dr. M., to have some dentistry done. On handing him my card, the Dr. related the following incident: "A few days ago, a sailor, with whom I was professionally engaged, and to whom I had remarked, that seamen in the port of Galveston were never so favored with religious privileges as now;" replied with emphasis, "Yes, sir; and bless God for it." Here was another token. When the Dr. had finished his work, I asked him my indebtedness; he said, "Nothing." Nothing! You don't live that way said I. "No, but what I do for Christ's ministers, I do for Christ;" and his eyes filled with tears. Here was another token. On my way to visit a poor man and wife, whom I saw at one of my meetings, I met with a brother who was under very deep convictions of a call to the ministry. After he had opened his heart to me, I urged immediate compliance with his sense of duty. The Spirit has been striving with him for many years. I hope he will go at once to work. In this case God has owned my labor, and gives me still another token. The couple I found were married in Mobile, by Rev. L. H. Pease, Chaplain. They attended his services, and were glad

to know Galveston had a Chaplain, and will attend my services. The wife showed me the Bible given her by Brother Pease, with her certificate of their marriage. I knew his handwriting, and was glad to see some of the bread he had cast upon the waters. Here was another token. Yes, I see, "God is faithful," and I can go on with good heart.

E. F. T.

"Holding on his Way."

EXTRACT FROM A CONVERTED SAILOR'S LETTER OF THANKS.

London, April 24, 1870.

DEAR BROTHER:

Having safely arrived here I write you these few lines to let you know that I still have that peace which I recently found in my blessed Saviour. I feel thankful to God who brought me to know my miserable condition, and to my blessed Jesus who remembered me in my lost and ruined state. I have now been ashore for ten days, and I can say, to the glory of God, that I have not tasted, no, nor even as much as had a desire to drink anything but cold water. May God bless his Mission among the men of the sea, and raise up faithful laborers in this part of his vineyard.

I can never, dear brother, never thank the Lord enough for his mercy to me, who, through you, brought me from the broad way that leadeth to destruction. Pray for me, that I may have grace to confess Christ wherever I go. I am still troubled with many evil thoughts; but I go to God in prayer, and I know that He hears me and strengthens my faith, and that He will now henceforth help me to live a christian life.

I am to go from here to the West Indies and back to London, if the Lord is willing.

Again I ask you to pray for me, that I may be kept faithful.

J. P. J.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

The Prodigal Son.

From the Note-Book of a Seamen's Chaplain :

"One Sabbath evening I preached upon 'The Prodigal Son.' Upon leaving the Bethel, I was met at the door by a young sailor, who, in a very excited manner, said, he would whip me for having in my sermon exposed his whole life to the congregation. I answered him by saying, 'You are a stranger to me, for I have never to my knowledge seen you before.' 'Well,' said the sailor, 'that may be true, for I have never been in this port before; but some of your committee, who carry around your notices, and at whose invitation I came here to-night, must have told you my history.' I remonstrated for some time with him, and told him I was very much worn out, for I had preached three times that day—and requested him to put off his threat until the next day. 'Why,' said he, 'will you fight to-morrow?' I told him I would not like to fight a sailor, for I loved the sailor, and only fought sin. He seemed a little softened, and I then told him I was in that sermon only giving my own experience when I was a wild and thoughtless prodigal. 'Well,' says the sailor, 'give me your hand, and we will be friends.' He attended the Bethel regularly while his vessel remained in port, and I had reason to believe he became a true penitent.

W. B. Y.

A Pleasant Time.

On Thursday afternoon, April 14, a delegation of sixteen boys from the Second Street M. E. Sunday School, accompanied by their Superintendent, A. C. Anderson, Secretary Nelson Putney, and Mr. John R. Knox, assembled in the cabin of the ship *Annie M. Smull*, lying at pier 27 East river.

Master Jas. McMillan, on behalf of the school, presented the Captain with No. 3,388, one of the American Seamen's Friend Society's nicely arranged and well assorted libraries; and said :

"Captain Packer, it gives us great pleasure, as representatives of the Second Street M. E. Sunday School, to present you this 'Loan Library.' We know that the many lonely hours of a sailor are often uselessly spent, yet if the means were supplied probably they would be otherwise employed.

To the gallant sons of the ocean we are all deeply indebted. Indeed, had it not been for the indomitable perseverance of the mariner many of the rich treasures which minister to the public good would to-day have been unheard of. The many islands of the ocean where barbarism flourished, have, through Christianity, assisted by the noble followers of the deep, been brought to civilization; and the belt of traffic which surrounds the earth is but the untiring service of the sailor. To the sailors we are greatly indebted. They have not only added to the nation's wealth, but have been useful in carrying those 'whose feet are shod with the Gospel of Peace from one clime to another. And while we greatly acknowledge our dependence on these, we must reproach ourselves for not sooner attending to their spiritual wants.

It has been too often the case for people to leave the thought of eternal things to the last; yet, we hope as these books may be perused by yourself and crew, that the influence of the Divine Spirit may guide and

govern you, and that the prayers of the donors may be answered in all the members of the vessel being brought to love God. While out on the ocean sailing from one port to another, we earnestly hope that yourself and crew may so live, that when the voyage of life is ended, you may enter the harbor of eternal rest and peace.

Accept this choice library, with the earnest solicitations for your encouragement, improvement, edification, and eternal salvation."

The Captain upon receiving the library, tendered the School his thanks for their kind remembrance, and hoped that their fullest expectations would be realized.

The whole affair passed off pleasantly, and was calculated to impress those who were present with the usefulness of libraries on shipboard, as an important means in the sailor's elevation.

Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry-street.

Mr. Alexander reports one hundred and seventy seven arrivals during the month of April. These deposited with him \$2,024. Of which \$55 were placed in the Savings Bank, and \$1,199 sent to relatives and friends. Fifteen men were shipped in the same time from the Home, WITHOUT ADVANCE, making in all for the year, *three hundred and seventy-seven*.

The Home is in a highly prosperous condition, and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander are winning universal favor. Sailors are treated there like brothers, and made to feel truly at home.

Colored Sailors' Home, 153 Thompson-street.

Mr. Powell is fairly established in his new and inviting quarters, where he will be glad to welcome his many

friends. He reports forty-three arrivals during the month of April. These deposited with him \$1,882. Of which \$593 were placed in the Savings Bank, and \$992 sent to relatives and friends.

Position of the Planets for June.

MERCURY—during this month sets in daylight. It is a morning star from the 10th; rising at the beginning a few minutes before the sun, and an hour earlier than that luminary at the end of the month. On the evening of the 16th, it is stationary among the stars, and near the moon on the 27th.

VENUS—rises about 1h. 30m. at the beginning of the month; this interval increases to about 1h. 45m. by the middle, and to 2h. 6m. by the last day. It is in the vicinity of the moon on the 25th.

MARS—rises on the 1st about 3 A. M., and an hour and a half earlier at the end of the month. It is in its ascending node on the morning of the 15th, in conjunction with Jupiter on the 27th, and a little to the right of the moon on same date.

JUPITER—is a morning star, rising at the beginning of the month, at 3h. 30m. A. M., or half an hour before the sun; on the last day the rising of the planet precedes that of the sun by nearly 1h. 45m. It is close to the moon on the 26th, also on the 27th.

SATURN—rises after sunset until about the middle of the month; from this date it rises before sunset, and in daylight at the end of the month. It sets from the 21st, before sunrise. On the night of the 13th, it will be very near the moon.

B. B.

N. Y. NAUTICAL SCHOOL, 92 WILLIAM ST.

Total Disasters Reported in April.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from, ports in the United States reported totally lost and missing during the past month, is 37, of which 24 were wrecked, 3 abandoned, 3 burnt, 1 foundered, and 6 are missing. They are classed as follows: 6 ships, 7 barks, 6 brigs, 17 schooners, and 1 sloop, and their total estimated value, exclusive of cargoes, is \$828,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports whence sailing, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burnt, *a c* abandoned after collision, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

SHIPS.

Crest of Wave, *w*, from Liverpool to Baltimore.
Anglo Saxon, *w*, from Liverpool to Mobile.
W. H. Prescott, *w*, from Callao to Antwerp.
Thos. Freeman, *b*, from New Orleans to Cronstadt.
Clarissa, *w*, from Teaketa to Valparaiso.
Clara Morse, *w*, from Savannah to Liverpool.

BARKS.

Eliza, *w*, from Matanzas to New York.
Milton, *a*, from Sagua to Queenstown.
Hndwig, *w*, from Iquique to New York.
Kutusoff, *m*, from Belingham Bay to San Francisco.
Vernon, *m*, from Fort Gamble to Honolulu.
Kremlin, *w*, from Aspinwall to Cienfuegos.
Eli Whitney, *w*, from Newcastle, NSW, to San Francisco.

BRIGS.

Fred. Bliss, *w*, from Cadiz to Boston.
Conquerail, *w*, from Dominica to Philadelphia.
P. Larrahee, *w*, from Boston to Mobile.
Galveston, *w*, Galveston to Bremen.
Gondolier, *w*, from Cardenas to New York.
Nicolaus, *m*, from New York to Antigua.

SCHOONERS.

Grace Clifton, *a*, from Darien to Providence.
W. A. Vail, *w*, from Tampico to New York.
Elizabeth, *w*, from Philadelphia to Providence.
J. E. Snow, *w*, (Fisherman).
B. Ober, *w*, from New York to Corpus Christi.
Malvina Jane, *w*, from Matanzas to Boston.
Maid of the Mill, *b*, from San Francisco to San Diego.
Emma, *b*, from New York to Galveston.
J. Lyburner, *a*, from Cardenas to New York.
Sealflower, *w*, from ——— to Rockland.
E. T. Allen, *f*, from Boston to Georgetown, D. C.
Wm. F. Pool, *m*, (Fisherman).
Scud, *w*, from Baltimore to Providence.
Champion, *w*, (At Shoalwater Bay, Oregon).
May, *m*, from Liverpool to Boston.
A. Gillise, *m*, from Navassa to Baltimore.
Surpass, *w*, from Hertford, N. C., to Wilmington, N. C.
SLOOP.
Acadia, *w*, from Rockport to Boston.

Capt. Zeiss, of brig Confidencia (N G), at this port 25th, from Rio Grande do Sul, tenders his most sincere thanks to those captains who spoke him while at sea disabled, offering provisions and other assistance; also for the thoughtfulness of the same gentlemen upon their arrival, in reporting the condition of his vessel, thus preventing much anxiety which might have been entertained for the safety of vessel and crew.

Receipts for April, 1870.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Derry, Upper Village church.....	\$14 05
VERMONT.	
Bennington Center, first Cong. church.....	27 08
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Athol, Congregational church.....	26 10
Attleboro, Congregational church.....	31 52
Boston Seaman's Friend Soc'y for lib'y's.....	150 00
Chicopee, first church.....	12 86
East Bridgewater.....	18 28
East Hampton, Payson Cong. church.....	50 05
do. S. S. for libraries.....	72 60
Fitchburg, a friend, L. W. M.....	2 50
Foxboro, Congregational church.....	45 75
Baptist church, additional.....	2 50
Franklin, Congregational church.....	31 02
Longmeadow, Ladies' Benev'l Society.....	25 25
Lynnfield Center.....	13 04
Millbury, estate of Susannah Holmes, by Nath'l Stone, executor.....	50 00

Milford.....	19 10
Monson, Congregational church.....	25 00
Newburyport, Bethel Society for lib'y.....	15 00
Mrs. J. H. Spring.....	10 00
Pittsfield, first Cong. church, additional.....	5 00
do. S. S. for library.....	20 00
do. Mrs. Walter Tracy's class lib'y.....	20 00
Scotland, Rev. A. G. Duncan.....	5 00
South Attleboro, Congregational church.....	38 78
South Hadley Falls, Rev. R. Knights' church.....	64 10
Springfield, first church, additional.....	8 63
Olivet church to constitute C. P. Strickland and Edward Ingalls L.M.....	60 20
Stockbridge, Cong. church S.S.....	18 40
Stoughton, Cong. church S. S. for lib'y.....	15 00
Westfield, first church, of which Mary Jessup, \$5.....	31 08
Second church.....	82 09
West Medway, Congregational church.....	15 65
West Springfield, first church, of which constitute Ethan Brooks L. M.....	44 28
Wrentham, Congregational church.....	31 54

CONNECTICUT.

Avon, H. G. and Mrs. Marshall.....	5 00
Birmingham, Cong. church S.S. for lib'y.....	20 00
Bridgeport, first Pres. church for lib'y.....	20 00
South Cong. church S.S., of which Nattie R. Kimpson, Clara L. Hall, and Lillie H. Wal's, awards of a fair for library, \$3.14.....	5 00
Bristol, Congregational church.....	42 47
Collinsville, S. W. Collins.....	2 00
Coventry, Rev. W. J. Jennings.....	5 00
Deep River, Congregational church.....	22 31
Baptist church.....	15 55
East Bridgeport, Congregational ch.....	10 75
Hartford, Wethersfield Avenue S. S. for library.....	20 00
Lisbon, Congregational church.....	3 50
Lyme, Congregational church.....	11 00
Madison, Ladies' Union Soc'y, in part, constitute Benj. T. Dudley L. M.....	14 00
Middletown, second Congregational ch.....	25 00
Milford, first Congregational church S. S., Miss A. R. Thaxter's class library.....	15 00
New Haven, Howard Avenue Cong. ch.....	18 68
Norwich, B. W. Hyde's class for library.....	10 00
Plainville, Congregational church, of which constitute Lorenzo Strick- land L. M., \$30.....	40 00
Baptist church.....	6 13
Sharon, a friend, (balance for library).....	10 00
Sheffield, Congregational ch. consti- tute Mrs. Ann P. Hamlin L. M.....	30 00
Stratford, Gen. G. Loomis, U.S.A.....	1 00

NEW YORK.

Albion, Presbyterian church.....	18 00
Amboy, Presbyterian church.....	26 43
Baldwinsville, Presbyterian church.....	18 28
Baptist church.....	5 00
Bergen, Congregational church.....	10 00
do. A. Wilcox.....	2 00
Methodist Episcopal church.....	1 37
Stone church.....	7 07
Brighton, Congregational church for library.....	20 00
Brooklyn, Mrs. L. G. Hustace.....	5 00
State street Congregational church, of which Louis W. Towt, for library \$15.....	22 00
Plymouth church.....	318 79
Clinton, Rev. W. N. McHarg.....	5 00
Cooperstown, H. T. Phinney to consti- tute himself life member, \$30 and \$20 for library.....	50 00
East Pembroke, Rev. G. S. Corwin con- stitute Miss. Hattie G. Covert L.M.....	30 00
Flatlands, Reformed church.....	16 74
do, S. S. for library.....	20 00
Frankfort, Baptist church.....	15 16

do. S. S. for library.....	15 00	Methodist Episcopal church.....	5 60
Fulton, Presbyterian church, addition'l	1 00	Jersey City first Reformed church.....	144 83
Geneva, Mrs. M. P. Squire.....	5 00	Wayne street Reformed church.....	68 42
Holland Patent, Baptist church.....	6 35	Keyport, Reformed church.....	3 19
Presbyterian church.....	13 00	Methodist Episcopal church.....	26 71
Wesleyan Methodist church.....	2 80	Newark, Central Presbyterian church.....	60 00
Knowlesville, Presbyterian church S.S.		Norwood, Presbyterian church S. S. for	
for library.....	22 22	library.....	15 00
Baptist church.....	6 00	Readington, Rosina Stillwell.....	5 00
do. S. S.....	1 37	PENNSYLVANIA.	
New York City, Atlantic Mutual Ins.		Chambersburg, first Presbyterian ch.	32 22
Co.....	1,000 00	English Lutheran church.....	11 69
Great Western Insurance Co.....	500 00	Harrisburg, J. W. Weir.....	20 00
James H. Titus constitute himself		J. A. Weir.....	10 00
life director.....	100 00	VIRGINIA.	
Phelps, Dodge & Co.....	100 00	Norfolk, Samuel Appold.....	50 00
James Brown.....	100 00	N. Niles.....	27 50
Mrs. Geo. S. Robbins }.....	50 00	M. Mulford.....	10 00
Mignonne for library }.....	20 00	H. N. Beach.....	5 00
Fairbanks & Co.....	50 00	C. C. Brown.....	10 00
Benjamin H. Field, to constitute		J. Vermillion.....	5 00
himself L. M.....	30 00	T. W. Webb.....	5 00
Cortlandt de P. Field constitute him.		T. P. Crowell.....	5 00
self L. M.....	30 00	R. and J. Baker.....	5 00
Lucius Hopkins.....	25 00	O. E. Maltby.....	5 00
Thomas H. Faile.....	25 00	A. A. McCullough.....	5 00
R. Hoe & Co.....	25 00	W. R. Jones.....	5 00
John Dwight.....	25 00	A. J. Manning.....	5 00
Sawyer, Wallace & Co.....	25 00	R. W. Santos & Bros.....	5 00
Dr. Willard Parker.....	20 00	A. Kelly.....	2 00
Mrs. P. Bullard.....	20 00	O. D. Gale.....	2 00
Mrs. A. D. Wilson for library.....	15 00	E. J. Griffith.....	1 00
Eleventh Presbyterian church S. S.....	13 83	C. A. Rowler.....	1 00
Captain Cutler and crew ship <i>Mary</i>		Bethel collections and others.....	47 74
<i>Withridge</i>	10 00	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Peter McMartin.....	10 00	Charleston, Port Society.....	1,122 00
S. D. Babcock.....	10 00	GEORGIA.	
B. W. Merriam.....	10 00	Savannah, Bethel collections.....	176 09
Lee, Tweedy & Co.....	10 00	ILLINOIS.	
W. G. Creamer.....	10 00	Rock Island, Presbyterian church S. S.	
J. B. Spelman.....	10 00	for library.....	20 00
Cash.....	10 00	WISCONSIN.	
Sam'l D. Davis.....	10 00	Madison, Stephen S. Sheldon constitute	
Capt. Jacob Harding schooner <i>Moses</i>		Chas. S. Sheldon, of Winona, L. D.	100 00
<i>Patten</i>	7 00	KANSAS.	
Aaron Arnold.....	5 00	Lawtence, J. H. Carruth.....	1 00
H. D. Bulkley, M. D.....	5 00	CALIFORNIA.	
L. Tuckerman.....	5 00	San Francisco Mariners' church, add'l.	300 00
J. B. Hoyt & Co.....	5 00	Pacific Mail Steamship Co.....	500 00
Hoyt Brothers.....	5 00	California Steam Navigation Co.....	100 00
Sam'l L. M. Barlow.....	5 00	First Congregational church.....	158 65
Chas. Farrar.....	5 00	First Presbyterian church.....	85 85
Dr. A. S. Ball.....	5 00	Anniversary second Cong. church.....	30 00
C. M.....	3 00	Miners' Foundry.....	25 00
Capt. Gilmore bark <i>Norma</i>	2 00	Goddard & Co.....	25 00
G. L.....	1 00	T. H. Selby & Co.....	25 00
Rochester, brick Presbyterian church.....	70 00	Falkner, Bell & Co.....	25 00
Southold, Presbyterian church.....	3 25	A. G. Stiles.....	20 00
Syracuse, Baptist church.....	15 00	Tubbs & Co.....	20 00
Morris Run Coal Co.....	5 00	Individuals.....	290 00
James Crouse.....	5 00	Firemen's Fund Insurance Co.....	43 50
John Crouse.....	3 00	Home Mutual Insurance Co.....	32 50
G. C. Comstock.....	2 00	Manhattan Insurance Co.....	32 50
H. Redfield.....	2 00	J. D. Farewell.....	25 00
B. McCarthy.....	3 00	J. H. Stearns.....	10 00
W. Phillips.....	1 00	Armes & Dallan.....	10 00
Disciples' church.....	5 04	A. B. Forbes.....	10 00
A friend.....	5 00	C. J. Jansen.....	10 00
Congregational church.....	28 30	H. P. Coon.....	5 00
Warner's Station' Methodist Episcopal		John Everding.....	5 00
church.....	2 10	B. Rothechild.....	5 00
NEW JERSEY.		W. Pickering.....	5 00
Bridgeton, first Presbyterian church,		Rev. F. Buef.....	5 00
of which constitute Rev. Casper R.		S. S. Smith.....	5 00
Gregory life member, \$30, and J. N.		San José, Presbyterian church.....	16 00
Bodine, \$20, for library.....	55 30	Santa Cruz, Congregational church.....	17 55
Second Presbyterian ch., of which		Stockton, Union meeting.....	35 20
constitute Rev. H. H. Beadle L. M.		Oakland, Congregational church.....	100 50
\$30, and Mrs. M. E. Shephard, \$20,		Redwood, Congregational church.....	16 00
for library.....	51 00	BELGIUM.	
Bristol, Presbyterian church.....	12 25	Antwerp, Collections, &c.....	865 00
Burlington, Presbyterian church.....	23 03		



June.]

Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society

[1870.

The Foolish Voyager.

I have heard of a man who built a ship and started on a voyage to China. At the launching, everybody admired the elegant build, everybody asked where he had got such a graceful model, everybody pointed aloft to the tapering spars, everybody predicted a prosperous trip. With the congratulations of friends and the cheers of the crowd, the owner stepped on board and set sail. He had furnished his ship with every convenience. He had lain in most plentiful stores. He had music and good company. Under the sunny sky of the tropics, it was a continuous revel. Only while the storms swept the ocean was their merry-making suspended. Toward the end of the voyage, the supplies grew scanty. The passengers began to weary of laughter. The owner grew sober. All found themselves longing for the conclusion of a voyage which had become tedious.

They finally reached port and anchored. The last morsel of provision was gone. They had played out the last semblance of gayety. The owner left his empty ship for the shore. He had come for a freight of teas and silks. And not till he reached the

hongs where he expected to purchase, did he remember that he had brought no money, no bills of credit, no merchandise—had made no preparation whatever for the very thing he had come for! He had provided food for the voyage, and merry friends to while away the time; but the freight he had come to purchase, the one thing for which alone the voyage was made, he had utterly overlooked!

What do you think of him?

"I think he was a fool."

"I think he was a lunatic."

So he was; both. But I know some who lavish on the present life all dainty and costly things, supply every comfort and luxury, surround themselves with the glitter of fashion and the noise of mirth. And that is all they do for the voyage. When death brings them to anchor they disembark on the eternal shores without a thought of preparation for the very object for which the voyage was begun! Naked, penniless, no share in heaven, no interest in Christ, nothing; the one thing for which life was given, utterly thrown away!

What do you think of these?

If the other voyager was a lunatic and fool—where will you class such unutterable insanity as this?

Boy Lost.

He was a bright, beautiful boy, with red cheeks, blue eyes, and curling hair. He wore a handsome suit, with a jaunty velvet cap, and had in his pocket a silver-rimmed purse always well supplied with pennies and dimes. He was the pride of his father's heart, and the joy and blessing of a loving mother's life. The other boys had all wandered from their stately home to make new ones for themselves. Clarence was the beautiful staff on which his parents hoped to lean as they walked together down life's sloping hill-side.

And now their boy was lost! Lost to them from beyond all hope to police, telegrapher, or town-crier. He was lost in the pestilent marshes of intemperance. That silver-bound purse, with its abundant supplies, had wrought his ruin. Liberty to come and go at his own will would soon brought around him a company of those who rejoice to do evil—who delight in causing others to fall. Poor Clarence listened to their flattering voice. He began by keeping secret from his mother many of his goings and comings. Many a lost boy begins his downward path at this point. When a child begins to have secrets a good mother cannot share he is on the road to ruin. Even secret organizations, with a good motive in view, are not good things for the children.

Only a miracle of grace can save poor Clarence now. He spends whole weeks away from his home, and only returns for fresh supplies. His father's gray head has been laid down in shame and sorrow in the grave, and the mother still lives on with a breaking heart. Oh! how her arms ache in the lonesome midnight to fold her darling child to her heart again. How like rain the tear-drops fall as she looks at the rosewood crib and thinks of the little white-robed form which used to rest there so happily at the evening hour—when she remembers the little hand that used to clasp her own so lovingly, until sleep loosed the clasp. But now all that is over. Her darling boy is lost. Oh! will a

mother ever weep over you as her poor lost boy? Shun evil company and all the haunts they delight in. Keep close to your mother's heart, and let no bar ever come between you. Make God's Word your guide, and his holy Son your pattern, and you will be safe for this life and the next.—*Mrs. J. E. McConaughy.*

Library Reports.

During the month of April, forty-seven libraries were sent to sea from the Society's rooms, 80 Wall street; twenty-three new, and twenty-four refitted. The following are reported, viz.:

No. 343.—Has been to the East Indies; now gone to Cardenas, on brig *Sparkling Water*.

No. 855.—Returned, refitted, and gone to Spain, on schooner *W. Deming*.

No. 929.—“Books were read with interest;” gone to West Indies, on brig *E. F. Dunbar*.

No. 955.—Returned from several voyages; books all read; gone to Canary Islands, on brig *Emely*.

No. 1,235.—Has been to different ports in the Pacific; “books highly prized;” gone to Galveston, on schooner *Zampa*.

No. 1,647.—Returned from several voyages; gone to sea, on brig *J. R. E.*

No. 1,831.—Has been to South America; “books much read and appreciated;” gone to Cadiz, on bark *Somerville*.

No. 1,926.—Has been several voyages to West Indies; “books read with profit;” gone to Havana, on bark *J. Griffin*.

No. 1,928.—Returned from a voyage to China; “books read with interest;” gone to Canary Islands, on schooner *M. Patten*.

No. 2,754.—Has been to several ports; “books read with interest.” Gone to West Indies, on brig *H. Trowbridge*.

No. 2,417.—Has been several voyages; gone to Jackmel, on schooner *D. Sawyer*.

No. 2,548.—Capt. ——— writes: "This library has been two voyages to China and Japan; the books were read by the seamen with a great deal of interest;" gone to Santa Martha, on brig *Gambia*.

No. 2,568.—"Books read with interest;" gone to New Orleans, on schooner *E. Morrison*.

No. 2,586.—The books were read with interest, and were the means of the conversion of several of the crew; has now gone to Havre, on bark *M. E. Corning*.

No. 2,587.—"Books read with profit;" gone to Spain, on brig *L. Staples*.

No. 2,692.—Returned from voyage to China; gone to Carthagena, on schooner *Matilda*.

No. 2,791.—"Books read with profit;" gone to Havana, on brig *R. S. Hassell*.

No. 2,827.—Has been to the Pacific; books read with interest; gone to Savannah, on brig *Golden Light*.

No. 2,833.—"Books much read;" gone to Cadiz, on brig *Maurice*.

No. 2,879.—Returned from a voyage to San Francisco: "books read with interest," gone to West Indies on brig *Golconda*.

No. 2,888.—Has been to San Francisco and China; "books read with profit;" gone to Baracoa, on schooner *Setta Gowa*.

No. 3,053.—Returned from Smyrna; books read by officers and crew, and "very much liked;" gone to Bay of St. Lawrence, in schooner *Antelope*, twelve men.

No. 2,423.—"The library, which was full of instructive books, was read by all on board with interest, and so thoroughly that it created an appetite for more. Accordingly, we persuaded Captain Park, of the bark *Carrie E. Long*, when in Buenos Ayres, to exchange libraries with us. We thank the Sabbath School furnishing the library, and your Society for the interest taken in seamen."

A. D. COLCORD,
Bark *Arletta*.

No. 2,978.—Returned from a voyage to the Pacific; "books were read and prized;" gone to Gibraltar, on brig *J. H. Kennedy*.

No. 3,164.—Has been to South America; "books read and appreciated;" gone to Cuba, on brig *G. Burnham*.

GALVESTON, April 19, 1870.

No. 2,488.—"I return with thanks your library, which I think (together with the example of a pious captain) has been productive of good. I have heard but little swearing this voyage, and hope it has now ceased altogether; nearly all the crew are temperate, only one case of drunkenness having occurred since we arrived. You have my best wishes and prayers for the success of your noble Society. Yours, &c.,

AMOS RYLEY.

No. 2,302.—This library was returned from the Pilot-boat *Isaac Webb*, with two conversions reported as having occurred under its influence. The writer of a letter accompanying it says: "The library has been the means, in the hand of God, of accomplishing much good; swearing, drinking, and gambling have ceased to be the rule, and the morals of all on board are improved. There is a growing interest in our Sabbath evening prayer-meetings. The library is a dear friend to me, for which I cannot thank the Society too much."

HENRY SEGUINE.

No. 2,802.—Returned; books much read; gone to Cuba.

No. 2,794.—Returned; much used; gone to the Mediterranean, in the bark *Bounding Billow*, ten men.

No. 1,509.—Returned, refitted, and gone to New Zealand, on ship *Archer*, eighteen men.

No. 3,047.—Returned; much used and much liked; gone to the Grand Banks.

No. 1,796.—Returned in good condition; gone to Baltimore.

No. 1,493.—Returned in good condition, and gone to the Grand Banks; books much read and highly prized.

No. 2,469.—Returned, with many thanks, and gone coasting.

No. 2,062.—Returned, refitted, and gone to West Indies.

No. 1,266.—Returned, refitted, and gone to sea, on schooner *John H. Hancock*.

No. 3,169.—Returned from a voyage to Europe; gone to Savannah, on schooner *Argus Eye*.

No. 1,247.—Returned, refitted, and gone coasting.

No. 2,259.—Returned, much damaged; refitted, and gone to New Orleans.

No. 2,913.—“Many thanks for the use of this library. It has made a short voyage to the West Indies, and is just returned from river La Plata, via Cuba. It has been read by both crews, and came back in good order. For myself, it has been of inestimable value.”

Yours, respectfully,

THOS. INGERSOLL,
Master Bark *Blanche How*.

We'll All Meet Again in the Morning.

Such was the exclamation of a dying child, as the red rays of the summer streamed through the casement: “Good-by, papa; good-by! Mamma has come for me to-night. Don't cry, papa, we'll all meet again in the morning.”

It was as if an angel had spoken to that father, and his heart grew lighter under the burden; for something assured him that his little one had gone to Him who said, “Suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

There is something cheerful to all who are in trouble in this: “We'll all meet again in the morning.” It rouses up the fainting soul like a trumpet blast, and frightens away forever the dark shades thronging the avenues of the outer life. Clouds may gather upon our path, disappointments gather around us like an army with banners, but all this cannot destroy the hope within us if we have this motto upon our lips: “All will be right in the morning.”

If you were to die to-night, would it be well with you in the morning?

Shine.

“LET your light so shine”
To show you love the Lord;
And hide it not again,
But shed its beams abroad.

And let it not shine dim,
But faithfully, and bright,
That others may be gather'd in
Because they see your light.

Point all who seek to God,
Whence you reflect your ray,
And let it shine on brightly
To everlasting day.

March 27th, 1870.

SUSIE.

Rich Inheritance.

Patrick Henry left in his will the following important passage: “I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given all the world, they would be poor.”

Good Thought.

Elizabeth Fry's motto, the first to come to her mind as she awoke in the morning from her slumber, and the last as she lay down at night was, “What can I do for the Lord Jesus Christ?”

Outside-Inside.

The body is the shell of the soul, and the dress is the husk of the body; but the husk often tells what the kernel is.

American Seamens Friend Society.

HARMON LOOMIS, D. D., } Cor. Sec's.
S. H. HALL, D. D.

MR. L. P. HUBBARD, Financial Agent.

OFFICES } 80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.
AND } 13 CORNHILL, BOSTON, REV. S. W. HANKS.
ADDRESS } NEW HAVEN, CT., REV. H. BEEBE.
Buffalo, N. Y., REV ALBERT BIGELOW.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall-st., New York and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman-street.

SAVINGS BANK FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely, and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings Banks as such are established in New York, 78 Wall-street, and Boston, Tremont-street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society....	Fred'k Alexander.
" 153 Thompson street, (colored) .	" " "	W. P. Powell.
BOSTON, 99 Purchase street.....	Boston " "	Capt. P. G. Atwood.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front street.....	Penn. " "	Capt. J. T. Robinson.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front and Dock streets....	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society... ..	Capt. W. J. Penton.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society.....	Capt. Jno. McCormick.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society... ..	Henry Parsons.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " "	James F. Stewart.
HONOLULU, S. I.....	" " "	Mrs. Crabbe.

INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc'y for Seamen. Charles Blake.
" 334 & 336 Pearl street.....	Private.....
" 91 Market street.....	do
" 4 Catharine Lane, (colored).....	do
" 45 Oliver street.....	do
" 39 do	do
BOSTON, North Square, "Mariners' House"....	Boston Seamen's Aid Society. N. Hamilton.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S. David Ilsley.
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames street.....	Seamen's Union Bethel Soc'y. Edward Kirby.

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison st.....	New York Port Society	ev. E. D. Murphy.
" cor. Water and Dover sts.....	Mission "	"
" 27 Greenwich street.....	" "	" B. F. Millard.
" foot of Pike street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society	" R. W. Lewis.
" foot of Hubert street, N. R.....	" "	" H. F. Roberts.
" Open air Service, Coenties Slip.....	" "	" Robt. J. Walker.
" Swedish & English, pier 11, N.R.....	Methodist	" O. G. Hedstrom.
" Oliver, cor. Henry st.....	Baptist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
" cor. Henry and Market sts.....	Sea and Land, Presbyterian..	" Edward Hopper.
BROOKLYN, 8 President street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society... }	" E. O. Bates.
BUFFALO.....	"	" O. Helland.
ALBANY, Montgomery street.....	Methodist	" H. Peck.
BOSTON, cor. Salem & N. Bennet streets.....	Boston Sea. Friend Society... }	" John Miles.
" North Square.....	Boston Port Society..... }	" J. M. H. Dow.
" cor. Commercial & Lewis sts.....	Baptist Bethel Society	" E. T. Taylor.
" Richmond street.....	Episcopal.....	" Geo. S. Noyes.
PORTLAND, Me. Fore st. near new Custom House	Portland Sea. Friend Society.	" H. A. Cooke.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden street. .	Providence Sea. Friend Soc'y.	" J. F. Robinson.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society...	" F. Southworth.
PHILADELPHIA, corner of Front & Union.....	Presbyterian.....	" C. M. Winchester.
" cor. Shippen & Penn sts.....	Methodist.....	" J. D. Butler.
" Catharine street.....	Episcopal.....	" H. Emerson, D.D.
" Church st. above Navy Yard.	Baptist.....	" G. W. McLaughlin.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice and Anna st.	Seamen's Un. Bethel Society.	" W. B. Erben.
" cor. Light and Lee stss.....	Baltimore, S. B.....	" Joseph Perry.
NORFOLK.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society ...	" Francis McCartyney
CHARLESTON, Church, near Water street.....	" " "	" R. R. Murphy.
SAVANNAH.....	" " "	" E. N. Crane.
MOBILE, Church street, near Water.....	" " "	" Wm. B. Yates.
NEW ORLEANS.....	" " "	" Richard Webb.
		" L. H. Pease.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Organized, May, 1828.—Incorporated, April, 1833.

WILLIAM A. BOOTH, Esq., <i>President.</i>	CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, <i>Vice President</i>
Rev. HARMON LOOMIS, D. D., <i>Cor. Sec'y.</i>	SAMUEL H. HALL, <i>Treasurer.</i>
" S. H. HALL, D. D., <i>Cor. Sec'y. & Ed. Mag.</i>	L. P. HUBBARD, <i>Financial Agent.</i>

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen : to protect them from imposition and fraud ; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world ; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to SAVE THEIR SOULS. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The Preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN the SANDWICH ISLANDS, PERU, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILOR'S MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the SEAMEN'S FRIEND, is gratuitously furnished Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between forty and fifty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It places the library in the fore-castle—the sailors' own apartment. (3) It contemplates a connection between the missionary and the individual who furnishes the instruments with which he works. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, is over 3,300, containing 150,000 volumes. Calculating frequent re-shipments, they have been accessible to probably 150,000 men. Between six and seven hundred hopeful conversions at sea, have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVING'S BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c.

The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated 75,000 boarders. This one Institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings.

The Society also aids the HOME FOR COLORED SAILORS, an excellent institution under the care of Mr. W. P. POWELL, 153 Thompson St. Similar institutions exist, under the care of auxiliary Societies, in the cities of BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, PORTLAND, NEW ORLEANS, SAN FRANCISCO, and HONOLULU, S. I.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. Thirty dollars makes a Life-Member ; One Hundred dollars a Life Director. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.